You're Like the Young Apple Blossom
Is to the Old Apple Tree

Words by GEO. A. LITTLE

Music by EARL K. SMITH

Flow-ers must bloom in the spring-time,
Lover-s all know happy hours,

Summer must fade in to fall,
Birds always know a love song,

Each heart must know of some
Clouds oft at times hide the

Sorrow
Sunshine

Each lover hears Cupid's call;
Even the world may be wrong;

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Mem'ries of days in the orchard
Still in my heart there's a story
Never to fancy to me,
Fade with the time,
One tree just budding in
It is the story I
Spring time, Seemed that it whispered to me.
Told you, Dear when you said you'd be mine.

Refrain
P-mf Slow with expression
You're like the young apple blossom,
is to the old apple

Apple Blossom
tree, Just like the dew to the roses, Sweetheart, you are to me;
You are my sun-shine in Love-land,

Your love brings sweet mem-o-ry, You're like the young apple blossom, Is to the old apple tree.
Quartet for Male or Mixed Voices

REFRAIN  Slow with expression  

Arr. by Chas. Miller

1st Tenor or Alto

You're like the young apple blossom is to the old apple tree.

2d Tenor or Sop. (Melody)

Just like the dew on the roses, Sweetheart, you are to me; Dear, I love you!

Baritone

You are my sunshine in Love-land, Your love brings sweet memory.

Bass

You're like the young apple blossom, is to the old apple tree.

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